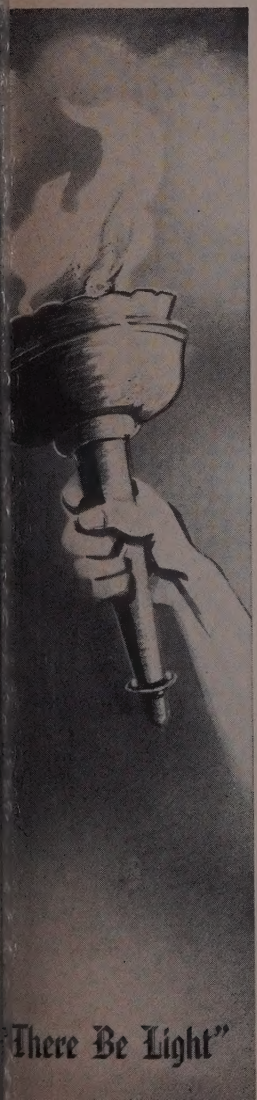
15c per copy
.50 " year

AUGUST, 1942

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

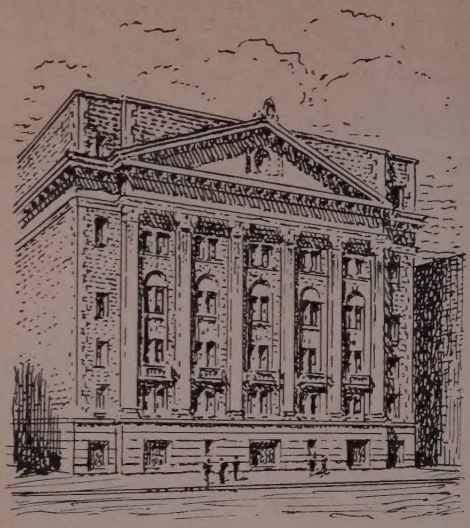


"There Be Light"

We Stand At Guard!

In distant lands our heroes fight
For justice, liberty and right.
Their strife shall stop the brutal foe
Who on fair lands bring grief and woe.
Our lads who in far countries roam
Ask us to guard their loved at home.
Our loyalty means their success.
We back their fight!
Can we do less?

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Vol. XIX **AUGUST, 1942** *Number 5*

A DREAM

I AM writing these lines on July 14th, "Bastille Day." You will be reading them in early August. I have been thinking today of a Bastille Day which Mrs. Bradley and I once spent in Paris, France. I can hear the singing of the people as they thronged the streets of Paris. It was a far different France than the France of today. Processions, bands, speeches, picnics, were commemorating all over again, the Republic. In the evening we walked up to the "Dome" and watched the dancing in the streets.

There is no singing, no music, no laughter in France today.

All morning the radio has been bringing bad news of the situation in Russia, while the Nazi grip on the unoccupied as well as occupied area of France continues to tighten.

On this Bastille Day we are told that there is a possibility of moving the government from Vichy back to Paris and all of France becoming Nazi-occupied territory; but the relationship between our country and the free-French government becomes hourly closer, and the president today, in speaking on Bastille Day, and in sending a message to the people of France, quite deliberately, it seems to me, used the words "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity," which can only be identified with free people.

I can envisage today thousands of noble French men and women in whose hearts the dream of freedom has never been obliterated, while thousands of French soldiers who died defending their liberty do not occupy useless graves.

People who have known freedom and then lost it are never content until they have regained that which they lost. This truth burns on every page of human history and yet has never penetrated the mind of a Hitler.

In all the annals of humanity's struggle to be free, there can be found no more tragic experience than has befallen the French nation. The factors which entered into the collapse are many, but if ever a people were victims of incompetency, greed, graft and double-crossing, it has been the people of France.

In thousands of French hearts this day hope is being re-kindled, faith is being restored, and preparations are being made for that day when invaders and intruders shall no longer inhabit the land made sacred by the death of men who fought to make it free.

P. B.

MEMORIES

THE ARRIVAL of the afternoon mail boat at Black Duck Island is always an event. Everyone at the Island is usually on the dock greeting the boat, like small town villagers who make it a habit to meet the evening train.

The other day I was handed by the boatman a piece of mail which resembled a long cardboard roll such as is sometimes used in mailing calendars. I noticed it was from my sister in Linden, Michigan. Opening it carefully, I looked upon two documents which I had not seen in more than thirty years, —my grammar school diploma and my high school diploma. After the death of our mother, my sister had carefully kept them, and thought that I would enjoy seeing them again.

The ink has faded, and every person whose name is signed to either diploma is now dead. For a moment as I looked at these documents, memories of my boyhood days were awakened.

In the same week in which these faded but precious links with my own childhood came to me I picked up a copy of our Liberalist for July, 1926, and read through again the article which I had written there called "After Twenty-One Years." I thought that the many new friends of the Liberalist might be interested in the article now that sixteen more years have past, and so here it is:—

"AFTER TWENTY-ONE YEARS

THE BOY loved the water. Just a stone's throw from his village home flowed the serene waters of a little river. He learned to swim in that river and here it was he had his first boat—a crude flat-bottomed craft. His early years are all associated with this quiet stream. Long before him the Indians had named the river—Shiawasee.

Twenty-one years ago on a warm June afternoon the boy together with several of his friends went to their favorite swimming spot for a swim. He was never happier, then nor now, than when splashing about in the water. He never remembers when he learned to swim and has never been without a boat since he was ten years old. Occasionally now when the cares and problems of mature years weigh heavily he wishes he had kept to one of his early ambitions. If he had he would now be the captain of an ocean liner. The call of the sea is in his blood. Never has he deserted the water. In the winter his present home is on the shore of a mighty lake and from his study windows only the water and sky greet him. In the summer he lives on a little island where the music of the waves plays continuously some melody from the heart of nature.

The June day of which I write was an epoch day in the boy's life. He was fifteen years old and that evening would receive his diploma of graduation from the village High School. The boys of his class who had been together since infancy agreed that they ought to have a swimming party in the afternoon. Just back of the boy's house was the old grist mill. Years before a dam across the Shiawasee had been built to furnish water power for the old mill. Above this dam was the swimming place for the older boys. The younger lads all began their swimming a half mile further down the river in a spot

known as the Old Oak Bend. The boy never goes back to the village without making a visit to Old Oak Bend.

On this June afternoon the boys of the graduating class took their swim above the dam. Seven hundred miles and twenty one years are between that afternoon and the afternoon this is being written but the boy can recall as vividly that swim as he can the one he had early this morning. The jollity of that afternoon was softened a trifle by the thought that it was his graduation day and perhaps the last time the boys of the class would all be together again. Now he knows that his youthful fears were well grounded.

That day was the last and its memory is precious. After the swim the boys all went home and prepared for the momentous event of the evening.

The graduation exercises were held in the village opera house. Why it was called an opera house was never questioned. The name seemed proper and appropriate and as such it was indisputably known. There were only sixteen members of the class—the largest one which had ever been graduated up to that time. The class sat on the stage in a semi-circle. Decorations of plants and maple branches were arranged about the stage. The boy was to have one of the orations and he had chosen for his subject "Opportunity." As he sat on the stage that night looking into the faces of his parents and friends it seemed the largest building and the greatest crowd he could ever imagine. He grew exceedingly nervous and could hardly understand his name when the principal announced him for his speech. He remembers distinctly now how he forgot his words and had to be prompted. He remembers, too, the sleeplessness of that night when the humiliation of "breaking down" kept him awake.

After the exercises there were the greetings and congratulations of neighbors and friends. And then the "Good-Byes." However, that which memory has most kindly kept of the evening is the family visit at home when father, mother, sister and the boy gathered in loving conference after the exercises were all over. Then it was that it dawned upon the boy that he had come to a milestone in his life. Things would be different tomorrow.

Twenty-one years have gone by. The boy has seen many changes and passed thru many experiences. Trouble, sorrow, failure, joy and achievement have all come into his life. Twenty one years is a long time in any life.

It is the early morning of another June day. The early morning train which passes thru the village usually goes thundering by refusing to even slow up at the village depot. But this morning it stopped. The station agent and the boy's father were standing on the platform. A considerate general passenger agent of the Grand Trunk railroad who lives in Chicago had given orders for the train to stop and thereby give the boy, now grown to manhood, a few hours more with his father. A two and one half mile ride into the country brought the boy home again.

As father and son drove over the familiar highway the twenty-one years vanished. He was a boy again and home. The boy's mother was sleeping in the hillside cemetery and he missed her deeply. There are so many things he would like to tell her. Years afterward the boy's father found another kindly and loving comrade and it was as the boy's mother would like to have it.

That evening there was another Graduation Exercise in the same Opera House. It had been told about the village and countryside that the boy was

coming home to be the commencement speaker. The class had asked him and he accepted their invitation. For the first time in the history of the local school an alumnus was to deliver the graduating address. The Opera House was crowded. As many more tried to get in. When the boy arrived at the Opera House he saw one of his life long friends leaving because he could not find a seat. The boy had gone to school with the man's children. This dear old friend had been a friend of the boy's father and mother before they were married. He remembered well the day the boy was born. The boy called him back and taking him around to a side door asked a young man to kindly give the elder man his seat. The young man stood thruout the evening and the boy's friend of the other years heard the boy's address.

The class sat upon the platform just as the class had twenty-one years ago —and the boy was just as nervous as he was the night of his own graduation. Some of the members of the class were the sons and daughters of his own school friends. Memories came sweeping into his heart. He could hardly speak There in that audience sat his father and sister, now a mother of two beautiful girls that will be graduating one of these days. The boy tried to conceal from his audience the depth of his feelings. He was very glad when the address was over. Then there was a surprise for the boy. When he was a student in High School, Will Peek, the editor of the Linden Leader thought the boy would make a newspaper man so he asked the boy's father if he would not like to have the boy learn to "set" type and work in the office. The father thought well of the plan. The boy at first was not especially enthusiastic about it. He didn't like to be indoors whenever there was a chance to be out-of-doors and then, too, the boy did not have an over hankering for work. He would always rather be reading a book or rowing a boat than filling the wood box or carrying in the water. But he went to work in the printing office under the guidance of the famous "Bill" Peek who brought Albert Edward Wiggam to speak in the Opera House when Wiggam was a lecturer on "Lincoln." The boy sometimes wonders now if Wiggam received any of the inspirations for his "The New Decalog of Science" or "Fruits of the Family Tree" from his experiences in the boy's native village. The boy learned almost as much by being a "printer's devil" as he did in school. He worked on an old Washington Hand Press which printed the weekly paper. Mornings before school and afternoons after school the boy "set" type. He learned to like the smell of printer's ink and to this day frequently visits print-shops. The location of the letters in the "case" he will never forget and could set a "stick" of type today just as readily as he did in the years gone by.

The village paper is today edited by a man who is a most successful and enterprising editor. Much experience and wide travel have given him a depth and breadth of viewpoint which is seldom seen in the village editor. Mr. MacMillan, the editor, was the author of the surprise for the boy on this graduation night. He knew that the "stick" with which the boy had learned to "set" type was in the printing office and in daily use. Yet he thought the boy ought to have that "stick." He planned to make the presentation speech himself at the Graduating Exercises but he was attending a meeting of the National Editorial Association in the west. However, he wrote the presentation address which was very effectively read by Supt. DeGraff of the

local schools. At the conclusion of the boy's address the superintendent read the speech and handed the boy the package containing the old "stick" which he had learned to "set" type with so many years ago. The boy tried to frame sentences which would adequately express the depth of his appreciation for the consideration and thoughtfulness of his editor friend. How the boy wished that a little mother he had known and loved so completely could have been in that audience that night! There were the friends that had known him from the first day of his life. They knew all about him and still they loved him.

After the exercises were over the boy greeted old friends for a long time. It was a delight to him that most of them called him by his given name. Their attitude after twenty-one years was fine and splendid. When some of the buffoons of contemporary literature flippantly make unkind remarks about rural people the boy's heart is stirred, for he knows that some of the most loyal and sacrificing people to be found anywhere are the farmer and village folk of this country. The boy is proud of coming from such an heritage and when he gets too tired of the glamor and veneer and noise of a big city he is going back home to stay and there amid the peace and loveliness of a Michigan village nestling along the banks of a little river he will often think of June, 1905, and the June of twenty one years after."

—P. B.

THE CHURCH BAZAAR

TIME MARCHES on with such rapid pace that when we pause to realize there will only be one more issue of The Liberalist after this one is out, before church opens, why it fairly takes our breath! High time to get Bazaar minded, and this we ask you to do before Autumn fills your lap with too much other activity.

If you are vacationing or going to be, will you keep the church bazaar in mind, and find some odd, useful or pretty article to give as your donation when Fall comes? It is going to be much more difficult to procure donations for a Bazaar than for years past. People are buying bonds, defense stamps, giving to Red Cross and other projects—everyone is busy—but you really won't let us down on the Church Bazaar, I am sure you will not! We must make this year's Bazaar a success, if ever!

Everyone who is interested in the work of The Peoples Church can have a part in assuring the success of the Annual Bazaar. The church will need the proceeds derived from this source to help carry on the winter's work. We depend upon every friend and member of the church and radio audience to give hearty assistance. There will be a place for everything salable.

Members of the Woman's Club are working all through the summer on aprons, pillowslips, towels, and other useful articles. They always aim to be forehanded. So—plan now what you will do!

G. T. B.

"TOMORROW AND TOMORROW"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY,

Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago, June 14, 1942

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED

"AS I ARISE to preach the thirtieth anniversary sermon this morning, I do so with such a strange admixture of emotions that it hardly seems possible for me to meet the challenge which this moment presents.

You cannot stand in this pulpit for thirty years and make the friends I have made and have the experiences I have had both in the life of the church, the nation, and of the world, together with carrying in your heart the sorrows and confessions of hundreds of people who have come to you with their individual problems and difficulties . . . and at the same time occupy an active place in a great many activities which are somewhat remote from the profession of the ministry itself, in the economic, industrial, political and educational world, which I have tried to do through these years, without a feeling which is almost impossible to articulate. Many times I have gone from this pulpit and have literally walked the floor of my study in remorse, and frequently in something even more severe, a very definite grief, that I was unable to meet the challenge of this great Church and of this hour; and I know that today I shall regret unutterably that I have left unsaid things which I wanted to say, and perhaps have said things which I ought not to have said. That is one of the penalties of extemporaneous preaching, and, of course, I am by tradition and custom an extemporaneous preacher. Only once in my life did I write a sermon. I wrote it and attempted to preach it, and right in the middle of it I tore it up, smashed it to pieces with my fingers and said "Never again!" because right in the middle of the sermon, as I was trying to read it, the wells of inspiration, which always come to me from the faces of the people and the opportunity of going on beyond the narrow limited confines of a written script took possession of me and I was stricken suddenly quite blind. I could not see a word of that script, and I tore it up, and since then I have never read a sermon.

On this day when our city is emphasizing, and justly so, the importance of this day, in which Michigan Avenue will be a constant march of human feet until midnight tonight, and where since ten o'clock this morning thousands of people have been lining the street, I thought, "Well, it will be only just a few of the faithful hearts and souls who will be at Church this morning," and lo! and behold! here are actually hundreds of people. I thank you because you bring to me a memory which I will cherish while we are absent one from the other all during the weeks which are ahead. I shall close my eyes more than once and look out at this great congregation on this closing Sunday, and while we will separate and go our various ways and you may think that the unit of this congregation is broken, you will never "cease to be" to me, just as you are now, right where you are in your seats looking into my face, you will never cease to be the inspiration of this moment. It will never be lost, and I thank all of you for any sacrifice or any effort which it might have been for you to come. Here are people from South Bend, from Kenosha, from Oshkosh, from Milwaukee, from Michigan City, from Kalamazoo, people who have driven in to-

day, and people from many other places which I have not time to read, which have been given to me, but I say to you all "Thank you!"

Now, I never remember when I did not want to preach. Every little while somebody comes to me and says: "Doctor Bradley, how did you ever come to preach?" Every few days somebody will say to me: "Doctor Bradley, you would have made a great lawyer. I tell you, I can just see you before a jury, wringing out their hearts and getting a verdict. Why did you not practice law?" And it may interest you to know that I had been in this Church exactly three years when one of the most important businessmen in a certain industry in this city came to me and made me an offer of just exactly three times the salary I was getting as minister of this Church, which at that time was $1500.00 a year, and he said to me: "I want you in my institution and I will start you at $4500.00 a year." This was 27 years ago when I was having the same kind of a struggle with the Church I am having now. There was never a time when it was not a struggle. My idea of heaven is going to be a place where I don't have to worry about money or take up an offering, and between you and me, I don't care much about the climate—it will be heaven to me just to know for a while that the radio bill is paid, that the electric light bill is paid, that the bonds are paid, that the expenses are paid, that will be heaven for me, no matter where it is. For thirty years of my life I have never had one week free from worry and anxiety about the finances of our Church. This businessman said to me: "Forget it all, here is $4500.00 a year; I want you in my business," and I looked at him and said: "Make it $50,000.00 a year and I will refuse you; make it $100,000.00 a year and I will refuse you." There has not been an hour of my ministry of thirty years when I could not have made from fifteen to twenty times more money than I have been able to make from the point of view of money alone in the work of our Church, and today, today, I am the richest man in this nation! I am rich, so rich that I would like doing everything I could to express the gratitude for these riches of mine. *I HAVE YOU, I HAVE MY CHURCH, I HAVE MY WORK, I HAVE GOD,* and what co-operation I could give Him has given me a strong body. A blacksmith father and a farm girl mother gave me a good body and a pure blood stream. My parents left no fortune, they left no dollars, but they gave me the greatest inheritance that a man could have, and all these 30 years I have been able, with but one exception, to be here at eleven o'clock on Sunday morning. Rich? Do you think that I would trade places with some of the rich people I know who have to live on mush and milk and run over to sanatoriums and hospitals, who are so nervous and hysterical and jittery that they never see a sunset and don't know what the love of a child is. . . . Rich? Why, I am so rich that I hardly know how to express it. I cannot express it! Health, work, toil, opportunity to help people, that's what made me rich. Standing beside their dead . . . five times this week I have stood beside an open casket trying to speak words of help to people suffering loss and grief. Six times I put this right hand of mine over the right hands of people and said, "I now pronounce you man and wife," and after this service, in a little while, six little babies are going to rest in my arms at that christening font and I am going to give them their names, and I am marrying youngsters now whose fathers and mothers I married, and I am marrying girls whom I christened in their mothers' arms.

Rich? Why, do you think there is any wealth in this world greater than that inner feeling of wealth that can come from experiences like that? Oh, there have been heartaches and tears through the years. It has never been easy, never once. If you think it is easy, you try it. There isn't any man in any profession in this world that has a more difficult time than the preacher. People speak disparagingly sometimes of the preacher and say, "O, what does he have to do? He just gets up, opens his mouth and the words roll out. Anybody can be a preacher!" And it used to be, when I was a boy living in the country, that when there was a youngster in the family who was sort of half-baked, a little lazy, a little dumb, who was not sure just what it was all about, and you didn't know what to do with him, folks would say: "Make a preacher out of him!" and there are lots of people who think you don't have to worry about being a preacher. I say to you, from thirty years' experience, there is no profession in the world more difficult, more arduous than the ministry. You stand out 24 hours every day in the white light of publicity and you face the people, every one of whom is critical. That is why I have often said that every church must have two doors; one door where you preach them in, and another door where you preach them out. In thirty years I have maintained, so far, a favorable balance. At the moment I think the ledger would show I have preached a few more in than I have preached out, but nevertheless there have been some preached out, and I think a man's character is determined just as much by the people who don't like him as it is by the people who do. There are some people you cannot afford to have with you, and if I had to keep a supporter in this church, or keep a friend, or a member of this church on the basis of my compromising what I believed to be the truth, then they could go out and stay out for I cannot compromise with truth. I am amenable to suggestions, I welcome honest and creative criticism, and always have, and I have made plenty of mistakes, and I have been wrong lots of times, but when the issue is one of a member of this Church, or a friend of this Church, saying to me: "Doctor Bradley, unless you preach so-and-so I am not coming to your Church," my only response to them is, "I am sorry, but I guess you are not coming to the Church, I cannot do any different, you see I was built that way and I cannot help it."

Well, I never remember when I did not want to preach. They have said to me, "Why did you not go into politics? Why don't you run for Congress? Why don't you run for the mayoralty of Chicago?" (They tried that three or four years ago.) "Why don't you do these things?" but I have never succumbed yet. Sometimes I almost think, deep in my heart and soul, that when the reconstruction days of this nation come, there is not any place I would rather be than within the Halls of the United States Congress where I could have an active participation in what will be the greatest opportunity this nation has ever had to build a world of creative and enduring peace. I wish I could. If I thought I could find a Congressional District that would take a chance on me, I might say, one of these days, "Yes, I will run for Congress," but I am afraid that it would be a little bit like the time I asked Theodore Roosevelt, in fact it was the last time he was in Chicago, because it was the day of the night he was shot in Milwaukee, and I had the honor of having lunch with him at the LaSalle Hotel. There was a great mob in the lobby shouting "We want Teddy! We want Teddy!" while we were eating lunch. There were

twenty people at that luncheon table and while I was not seated next to Mr. Roosevelt I sat nearby, and while the shouting and clamoring was going on I said to him: "Mr. Roosevelt, what does it do to a man to hear people shouting for him? People who want to see you?" In a few moments he did walk out from the dining room into the lobby and let the people see him, spoke a few words and came back, and he said to me in his truly Rooseveltian manner and he clenched his right fist: "My boy, they will *shout* for me, but they won't *vote* for me." I have never forgotten it.

So, I stay in the ministry and I stand in my pulpit and I hope that we will have . . . now, let me see . . . thirty years from now I won't be as old as Mr. Smith is and he is sitting there and stood on this platform and addressed you just a few Sundays ago . . . I think we ought to have 30 years more together anyway, the most important years that we have ever had.

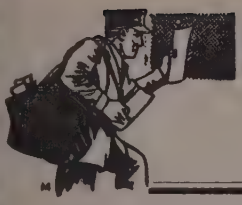
Now, I want to tell you in this simple, homely, farewell message of mine for the summer, about my first sermon. Not in this church . . . I will never forget that one either. There are people in this congregation this morning who were at that first sermon thirty years ago. It rained, and there were 62 people in the Church. How different from the hundreds here this morning; 62 people. This first sermon that I ever preached, I will tell you when it was, and where. When I was a little boy at home . . . I don't want anybody to get an idea from this that I was a saint or a little angel, because I was not: the biggest little devils make the best preachers. Saints are all right in heaven. That's why Mr. Beecher said once, "Heaven is all right for climate, but give me hell for company." When I was a little boy I always wanted to preach; I do not remember when I didn't want to preach. My sister, three years my junior, I would make custodian of the congregation, and it would be her business to go out after school and gather all the youngsters she could gather and then we would all go up across the fields and down a little village street, to the cemetery. I would always put on, I remember, when my grandfather was visiting us, his black sack coat. It went way below my knees and I always wore a black tie, as I do now. And I put my grandfather's glasses on the end of my nose, and up in the cemetery we had a tombstone . . . my blessed father and mother are sleeping not far from it today . . . at the top of which was carved an open Bible in the marble, and I could stand on the platform and just get my head above that open Bible and I would have my sister put the congregation in front of me on the grave and I preached my sermon to that congregation over that tombstone. I have preached to lots of tombstones since then, but I stood and preached my first sermon over that tombstone, and from that day until this one I have never wanted to be anything else than a preacher, and I never wanted to be one any more than I do now, and instead of looking back thirty years and dreaming and talking about the past, my face is turned to the future. Great and glorious and wonderful this past has been, with the three great motifs of my ministry which have characterized every sermon: a great confidence that God created humanity for a special and specific objective, and that was to develop a world and a civilization where every human personality would have the opportunity of freedom and beauty and goodness and truth and music and art and education and religion, and all that makes life a significant thing. That, I believe. For thirty years I have preached that in every sermon: that

there is an objective in creation, that man was born for something fine and something high, that the mere fact that you *ARE* and I *AM,* that we live, is in itself prima facie evidence that we live for something beautiful and sacred, and the great factor of civilization itself gives unquestionable evidence that man has within himself the potentiality for these things. He was not given a dream by a mocking God; He did not give us these ideals and hopes and ambitions that dominate our lives and then sit somewhere on a billowy bank of a cloud and mock us and laugh at us because we cannot meet our dreams. Every dream that man has can be translated into reality! We haven't any dream of peace that we cannot create into an experience of peace! We have not a dream of a decent world that we cannot transform into r e a l i t y ! Man's dreams were given to him to spur him on, to lift him, and I have still got my dreams, I have not permitted a funny little pathological monstrosity with a twisted, distorted, degenerate conscience and a Charlie Chaplain moustache, strutting about in a uniform, to rob me of my dreams. Hitler and everything he stands for is DOOMED in this world! God still stands beyond the shadows of human history! Man still has a potentiality for goodness, greatness, honor, courage, love, righteousness!

That was the second thing that has been in every sermon I have preached; the potentiality of man is there. Man may stumble and fall, sin and become corrupt, he may fail, become blinded, but it is there.

The third thing is that in spite of ancestry, or color, of creed, or religion, of birth, or nationality, in spite of everything, in spite of all, man is brother to his fellowmen, and every black man, and every yellow man, and every white man, and every red man, and every Roman Catholic, and every Jew, every Protestant, every Atheist, and every man who may be different than I am, is still, underneath the differences, my brother.

That has been the background of thirty years of my life! That has echoed in every sermon I have preached! It has resounded in every thought I have given, and in the agony of this present world when this day 27 nations now, for Mexico has wrapped her flags within the folds of Old Glory, 27 nations on this day, with the main thoroughfares of our city filled with their throngs of every race, creed, color, blood in this whole world, in America today, marching, marching, singing, singing songs of freedom—nothing can stand up against that! You will see the products of American industry, of American manufacture, of American ingenuity, of American genius, of American brains! Look at them today and see how they outclass the work produced by the slave labor of Europe! Every working man in the 27 nations of the united spirit of freedom of this earth is a free worker! There is no lash, and no leash of the slave driver upon his back, and the great spirit of ideology and love and brotherhood which now is subjected to the necessity of war and all the agony of war is but the cleansing, the baptism, the washing away, and out of it will come a world, a beautiful world, and if God wants to be real good to me, and he has never been anything else, but if God wants to be real kind to me, I hope he will let me live to see the day when every bomber is grounded, when every submarine is surfaced, when every soldier has stacked his bayonet, when the world once more shall have an opportunity to be a world of peace, of good will and brotherhood. To that day I dedicate my life, my pulpit and all that I have."



The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

WHEN EVERYTHING tangible in the world has gone awry, it is comforting to pause a moment and note how nature performs her work as normally as ever. The sun rises and sets—summer clouds form fascinating pageants against the blue sky—birds build their nests and bring up their little families, singing as joyously as ever—flowers bloom and scent the air sweetly—and at night the heavens are spangled with stars—and moonlight turns the trees, lake, roofs, gardens, lawn—every stick and twig into a fairyland of beauty defying description—(can it be possible the moon shines thus above a battlefield?).

Days and weeks turn the calendar pages and now we stand at midsummer. The August Mail Bag must have our immediate attention.

First I want to refer to the front cover of this number of the Liberalist, carrying the fine little poem by our friend Thomas Curtis Clark, whose poems Dr. Bradley so often reads on Sunday mornings. The gentleman who sent us this poem is the Chief Clerk of the General Freight and Passenger Department of the B. and O. Railroad. We offer the poem and the letter with gratitude for both:—

"I have two specific purposes in mind as I write this letter: First: Last Sunday morning I had the privilege to hear your sermon—over the air—wherein you so very strongly expressed your faith in the youth of America. It was a great sermon, one that should have a lasting and beneficial effect on those who would belittle our young people of today, therefore as a 'Maywoodian,' a resident of this community from which so many of our boys are imprisoned in Bataan, boys who have justified the faith you have reposed in them, it gives me considerable pleasure to acknowledge with gratitude your timely discussion of this subject.

Second: Our mutual friend, Thomas Curtis Clark, composed and dedicated to the Auxiliary Civilian Police of Maywood the attached poem, 'We Stand at Guard.' Although I would not presume to suggest the theme for your next Sunday's sermon, the last you will deliver before you leave for your tour of the camps, etc., it occurred to me that this little poem would be a wonderful thought to leave with your congregation and listeners while you are away.

" 'We Stand at Guard' appropriately applies not only to the Civilian Police of Maywood, but also to every man, woman and child in the United States. As you reach so many American homes through the medium of your radio broadcasts, it is my impression that even though your listeners might forget the words of the poem, the title 'We Stand at Guard' would remain with them as a challenge to our enemies and a promise to our boys. 'We Stand at Guard.' We back their fight—can we do less?

"With kindest regards and every good wish for an enjoyable summer."

* * * * *

Here is a lovely letter from a lady

living in Brookfield, Illinois, who is quite certain she misses none of the inspiration of the church service by "listening-in" instead of being present in person. Her charming letter follows:

"Your sermon today was grand! I am writing to let you know how good it always makes me feel to listen to the services coming from your church. I was in very low spirits this morning when I tuned in The Peoples Church, and as usual, it did me a world of good. There is always such a feeling of 'home' about the services coming from your church. The principles you stand for, the readings and sermons, are all so fine and good.

"So often you mention in your sermons, Dr. Bradley, that one gets so much more out of actually being present within the church than merely listening, but I want to assure you that *this* listener is very much on the receiving end in regard to benefits received. My heart just seems to sing with confidence, hope and faith and goodness when listening to your broadcasts, and I'm *so* grateful that there is your church, and its great pastor for an inspiration to stand by.

"I feel humble in writing this to you, for I know you are a great and busy man, and I wonder where you have time to even read letters such as these, but I want you to know how much this person depends and relies upon the messages which come forth from The Peoples Church of Chicago.

"Since I just sent in an offering to your church very recently and cannot afford to do so again right now, I am closing with many thanks instead."

* * * * *

The following letter is from a listener formerly from Memphis, but now residing in Chicago. It is always nice to learn that the church services and Dr. Bradley's words have brought comfort and courage to a troubled or saddened heart:—

"I want to thank you for the inspiration I received from your magnificent talk Sunday morning. You seemed to be inspired with the spirit that made this great country what it is today. It is a great pity this nation has not more men like you to send such messages into the hearts of men and women as you sent Sunday.

"I am in Chicago, my adopted home, for at least awhile—I came from Memphis, Tennessee. Many times in my own disappointed life, when the clouds were hanging low, I have been tempted to ask for a few moments of your time—for you are a great inspiration to me, but you are a very busy man—however, I hope to know you.

"May God preserve you and protect you, so that your splendid and inspiring work will go on. I wonder if you really can possibly know how much good you are doing in this troubled old world.

"I do not miss many of your Sunday messages, and somehow when they are over I feel courage come into my heart and I will yet come back into my own."

* * * * *

It is encouraging and enjoyable to hear from the radio audience and Doctor Bradley appreciates every letter, but it is especially nice to receive a complimentary letter from a member of the church. The writer of this kind little note is a well-known composer of music and a most charming and loyal little woman. She says:—

"I want to tell you how wonderful it was to me to listen to your grand sermon this morning. I don't think I have ever enjoyed you more, or felt that your work was any greater—your message was so fine and uplifting. I couldn't help but think how many hundreds of people you are helping every moment of the time that this world is

in such travail, and we are all feeling the sorrow that has come to us in this disturbed condition. How wonderful that you can give out the hope that you do to us all, and encouragement to go on and on, regardless of the terrible situation. You are being entrusted with a great message for humanity, and are delivering it in the most magnificent manner. And we are all deeply grateful for this blessing."

The Mail Bag closes now. Please do not allow it to go flat during the summer. We will be so glad to hear from you—and remember: you can listen in at 11:00 o'clock every Sunday morning over WJJD and hear Dr. Bradley's messages all during the vacation period. Let us know if you are hearing them.

AND — KEEP — ON — THE BEAM!

THE SUNDAY BROADCASTS

Our readers and radio listeners are having the opportunity every Sunday morning at 11:00 o'clock of hearing a Sunday morning message by Dr. Bradley. Necessarily these messages were made by transcription. Dr. Bradley made thirteen of them before the church closed, one for each Sunday he will be away. The church and the radio station will be glad to hear from any listener, and expressions of appreciation will be most welcome.

The church expresses to Station WJJD its gratitude for the opportunity which the station gives to the church and Dr. Bradley in these Sunday morning broadcasts.

All communications in regard to the broadcast may be addressed to the church office, 941 Lawrence Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. G. T. B.

ON THE HONOR ROLL

At the afternoon service on Easter Sunday, the Honor Roll of The Peoples Church was unveiled. This roll contains the names of those members and workers in The Peoples Church, both men and women, who are "In the Service" of our country. Names will be added from time to time, as it becomes necessary.

Arthur J. Williams	Wendel Estal	Frans Eronson
Harold Hanson	Winslow Heg	Forrest A. Oldenburg
John L. Freitag	Herbert Bluhm	William V. Myers
George Freitag	Ben C. Bluhm	James Code
Howard Wentz	Douglas L. Palo	Henry Willeumier
Kurt Proud	James H. Meyer	Alfred Taylor
Kurt Meyer	Robert H. Meyer	Robert E. Gill
George Formanek, Jr.	Lester G. Riley	George John Smith
Lloyd Blue, Jr.	William F. Hobbs	Hans Kramer
Howard Carlseen	Duane Terry	Howard C. Nelson
Clinton R. Sipe	Frank G. Christ	Howard Berhalter
Dr. Henry C. Johannes	Richard P. Strand	Charles Boaz
Edward W. Nonnenbruch	Norman P. Anderson	William Schroeder
Wm. Robert DeWees	Arthur E. Toepfer	Charles Walska
Harold Ingersoll	Muriel Mlyniec	James Schneller
Henry J. Tinling	Robert Murphy	Jacob Estes Replogle
Yale W. Rowley	Robert Olson	Harry S. Gray

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....Associate Editor
MAY H. HARRISON.....Business Manager

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS A YEAR—FIFTEEN CENTS PER COPY

Published on the First Day of the Month

Address All Communications to

THE LIBERALIST—941 LAWRENCE AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

We assume no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, articles or poems.

EDITORIAL

EVERYONE is becoming increasingly interested and concerned with a post-war world. Of course the first thing to be done is for the United Nations to win this war, and to win it everywhere in the world; but it is yet to be clearly defined the kind of a world we hope will be created when the victory has arrived.

There is increasing evidence that all religious denominations are doing some constructive work in this particular. The old theological barriers and distinctions are becoming less significant and important. The religious denominations of the world are now becoming deeply concerned with what they can do to make this world a decent place to live in, and except in the ultra-conservative groups, religion is now more concerned with this world than it is with any other.

Recently over 600 protestants, Roman Catholic and Jewish clergymen from all sections of the country, issued a joint statement calling upon the President and Congress to set up a special commission to consider the problems of post-war reconstruction and the abolition of unemployment. Not a word about their theologies or the superiority of one over the other in their relationship with God. *This* sounds to me like fundamental religion.

The joint clergy statements specifically endorsed the Voorhis Bill now before Congress, which calls for the establishment of a 34-man commission composed of Congressional leaders, government officials and representatives of private organizations, to study and make recommendations on post-war reconstruction. Included on the proposed commission would be representatives of religious groups of the three faiths.

Religious leaders have been interested in the Voorhis Bill ever since it was introduced in January, 1941. It is one of the few pieces of national legislation which leaders of the three faiths have united to promote. Churchmen usually shy away from espousal of specific legislation and attempt to stress principles rather than specifics, leaving it to the layman to apply these principles to concrete situations and legislation. As a rule it is only when ex-

tremely important matters are at stake that church groups favor or oppose specific legislation and only on rare occasions do leaders of the Protestant, Catholic and Jewish faith unite behind or against a specific bill. The fact that they have done so in the case of the Voorhis Bill can be taken as an indication of the vital importance which churchmen of the United States attach to sound post-war planning during the war.

The statement emphasized that "even in the present time of primary preoccupation of the nation in military effort, immediate planning for winning the peace is a fundamental necessity to the welfare of the nation, to the preservation of our four freedoms at home, as well as their assurance on a world-wide scale."

Support for the Voorhis Bill is being furthered jointly by three official bodies —the department of social action of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, the industrial department of the Federal Council of Churches, and the commission of justice and peace of the Central Conference of American Rabbis.

The Voorhis measure is concerned mainly with post-war reconstruction in the United States and specifically with the problem of unemployment after the war. That is why it engages the attention of church leaders who are especially interested in United States economic problems. Recently the Rabbinical Assembly of America adopted a statement of peace objectives which advocated as the underlying proposal, creation of a federal union to whom the constituent nations would delegate a portion of their national sovereignty. This union, according to the rabbinical proposal, would be a union of democratic nations, which should aim eventually to embrace all the democratic nations of the world.

The Rabbinical Assembly proposal is believed to be an unusual one. According to a digest of more than 60 major religious pronouncements on the post-war world made by Richard Fagley, education secretary of the Church Peace Union, a federation of democratic states received almost no support, nor did the proposal that preponderant power should be in the hands of free peoples.

A number of religious statements called for some type of international organization, authority or government, but presumably this body would include all nations, whether or not they were democratic. Some statements suggested a reconstructed League of Nations; others some type of world government, commonwealth or agency with delegated powers; still others a federation of peoples—not a league of states. Several statements urged regional federations with a super-federation to coordinate the regional authorities. About half a dozen statements specifically advocated a European Federation of Nations.

Other recent attitudes can be found in the resolution of the General Synod of the Evangelical and Reformed Church, which called for a new conception of the economic order which would "not be dominated by the profit motive nor directed only to the end of profit-making."

The Northern Baptist Convention announced its raising of a fund of $250,000 for post-war church building, its plan being to build churches in suburban developments which have sprung up since the beginning of the war.

Recently John Foster Dulles and Dr. Walter Van Kirk, churchman and secretary respectively of the commission to study the basis of a just and durable

peace of the Federal Council of Churches, arrived in England to confer with British Church leaders on matters of mutual interest in the area of post-war reconstruction. They will also speak at British church gatherings and tell what American churches are doing in regard to post-war problems. The two American churchmen were invited by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Undersecretary of State Welles is keenly interested in the mission of the two American church leaders. Welles is said to be greatly impressed with the work of John Foster Dulles, an eminent international lawyer.

To me, the true church, no matter what its denominational affiliation, is the custodian of the ideals of brotherhood and understanding among men, and any effort which would result in a sane, economic, industrial, religious and political world, is in keeping with the character of the church. All this activity and interest in the post-war world will bring fidelity to the church itself. The day of emphasing a Heaven above earth instead of on earth is over.

There comes to my desk a magazine called "Church Management" which is a sort of pastors' trade journal. In a recent issue the United Stewardship Council stated that contributions to protestant churches during the year 1941 increased by more than $17,500,000 over the previous year and membership increased by more than one million over the same period. I am not familiar with the basis of these figures, but if they were only 50% correct, it is highly indicative of the fact that more and more people are beginning to see that the institution which stands for the highest and best in human development, in international comity and brotherhood has a permanent and an abiding place, and is worthy of the support and loyalty of all who are trying to make a decent world in which to live. P. B.

BOOK CHATS

I HAD expected that by this time in the course of the summer fully half of the books which I had put aside and intended to read would have been read, but I can see now that my plans for summer reading were somewhat like the hungry boy whose eyes were much bigger than his stomach.

Since church closed I have been unusually busy and by taking on a part in the half-hour Home Front program which is being broadcast Saturday evenings from 9:30 to 10:00 o'clock over WLS in the Blue Network, I will have less time for reading than I had hoped or anticipated. However, I am trying to keep up my schedule of three books a week. I have made one trip to Chicago for the opening broadcast program, July 18, but I expect to make the other radio appearances on Saturday evenings, wherever I might happen to be.

I hope many of our readers will be able to listen-in to this program and will write me what they think about it.

* * *

The other evening just before my train left from Duluth, Minnesota, I was glancing over a magazine rack in a book store not far from the depot. I picked up a copy of the "Magazine

Digest" and to my amazement I saw in the index an article entitled "Prodigious Preston Bradley," written by Ralph Schoenleben. I turned immediately to the article, anxiously wondering if I might happen to be the Preston Bradley involved. I was. The whole article is a character sketch of me and my work. I don't know the author—I didn't know the article was being written. I find it most interesting and am deeply appreciative both to the "Magazine Digest," and to the author, for considering me and my work of sufficient importance to give us a place in one of the finest of all the digest type magazines. If you would be interested in reading the article, I suggest that you write to the Magazine Digest publishing Co., Ltd., 225 W. 57th St., New York City, enclosing 25c, and I am sure they will send you a copy.

* * *

This month we are to have a new novel by Anne Brooks, which is being published by Morrow and is entitled "Hang My Heart." Miss Brooks says that she took the title from a line of the old song, "There's a Tavern in the Town." The line as Miss Brooks heard it reads "I'll hang my *heart* on a weeping willow tree." I never heard the song with those words. As I remember it the song was, "I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree"; but whatever the words of the song, we look expectantly to the book.

* * *

A sense of humor has been a sustaining power in many a man's troubled life. Most of our great men had a refined and delicate sense of humor. President Roosevelt is no exception, and the finest example of a true quality of humor was when, in a press conference, to the question: "Where did the American plane sail from which bombed Tokyo?" he replied "Shangri-La." Since then Shangri-La has taken on a new meaning in our speech, and will probably blend its way into our language as meaning an evasion which subtly covers the fact.

James Hilton who, in "Lost Horizon" first used the word Shangri-La, has been asked recently where he got the name and why he used it. He replied he made the first part of it up out of his head and that it sounded good combined with La, which means mountain. From now on Shangri-La will always be a good answer when a correct answer would be disastrous.

* * *

The other day I asked a gentleman if he had read "The Problems of Lasting Peace," by Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson, published by Doubleday-Doran. He almost snarled back at me, when saying, "I wouldn't read anything Herbert Hoover ever wrote." When a person's prejudices are so pronounced that they will take that attitude, their opinions or ideas no longer interest me. Such a person shuts the doors of his mind and closes the windows of reason.

I am reading now "The Problems of Lasting Peace," by Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson, and I wish every citizen of the United States would read it, whether they happen to be Republicans or Democrats, and whether they are prejudiced for or against Herbert Hoover. If you are prejudiced, take time to read the following sentences, and then ask yourself if you ought not to read the entire book. I quote from the introduction:

"This book is offered as a sort of preface to peace-making. It does not attempt to write the inevitable Treaty of Peace, but there are certain dynamic forces among men which make for peace and war. The world has had vast

and bitter experience in peace-making. This book seeks to draw from the experience of the past some principles, some methods of action, which allay those forces that make for war and strengthen those that make for peace. We have sought to distill some conclusions from the failures and successes of the past, and there must be some organization, some machinery for the preservation of the peace when it is made. Again, the world has had experiences and many experiments from which some guidance can be deduced.

"There are indeed many plans now under discussion to preserve the peace. Some are Utopian, but there is no reason to scoff at Utopian ideas, for they stimulate thought, imagination and discussion. Without dreamers mankind might never have emerged from savagery, but again there is great need to apply the tests of experience, and to weigh such plans in the scales of the dynamic forces which will continue to work for peace or war. Therefore, there are certain fundamentals upon which this essay is based:

First: That a satisfactory and durable peace must be founded on victory. Many of its essentials would crumble with compromise.

Second: That lasting peace can come only if the settlements take account realistically of the underlying, dynamic forces in civilization that make for war and peace.

Third: That the new peace must provide for some organization, some machinery for international cooperation to preserve the peace once it has been made.

Fourth: That the American people must begin to think of the problems of peace, and it must think in a far larger frame than ever before.

"Our hope is that we may here aid to stimulate American discussion and to clarify thinking. The authors' justification for venturing upon this subject is that both of them have had to deal actively with these problems for the past thirty years.

"With a limited canvas for the portrayal of such a broad sweep of history as it bears upon war and peace, they have endeavored not to burden the reader's mind with detail that does not bear directly upon this major purpose.

"We are in a gigantic war. Our first task is to win it. Having set our hand to the task, we cannot stop until lasting peace has been made. Only from a lasting peace can we hope to save our civilization. To contribute to that end is the purpose of this book."

Herbert Hoover, as the 31st president of the United States, needs no introduction; and Hugh Gibson has had a unique career as a diplomat and public servant. There is probably no other living diplomat who has had such extensive first-hand experience with the problems discussed in this book. He entered the diplomatic service in 1898; was American minister to Poland 1919 to 1924; to Switzerland, 1924 to 1927; Ambassador to Belgium, 1927 to 1933; and again from 1937 to 1938; and was Ambassador to Brazil 1933 to 1937. He was associated with Mr. Hoover during and after the last war in the conduct of European relief, and he brings to this book his vast experience as head of many American delegations to disarmament and other international conferences.

Again I say, let not any prejudices prevent you from reading this book. I hazard the prophecy that when the peace is made it will be along the lines and the conclusions presented in "The Problems of Lasting Peace."

* * *

One always feels a little sense of satisfaction when one discovers an echo of his own ideas being voiced by one

who is recognized as a great author and writer. Some of the older subscribers to The Liberalist will remember that I once wrote an article here in which I criticized severely reading out-of-doors. I questioned its value, impuned its sincerity and generally condemned it.

Some of the reactions which I received from readers were very interesting.

Not long ago I read an interview in which Mr. Frank Swinnerton had said more vitriolic things about out-of-door reading than I could possibly say. Last evening at dinner we were discussing the perfection of the day just about to close. It had been an ideal Lake Vermilion day—a deep azure sky in which lingered clouds of billowy beauty. We were well aware by the dinner hour that we were to have a sunset of riotous color and a twilight of lingering peacefulness.

I have a favorite spot on our pine-clad island where I usually go to watch the incomparable sunsets, always indescribably colorful in the North Woods country. Here we have made a seat of rustic charm and beauty. The old white pine is growing miraculously on the tip of the immense green rock surface. Seated here I can look across the tremulous waters of lovely Lake Vermilion. The main boat route passes only a few hundred feet away. For more than two centuries it has been the well-travelled highway of the Indians on the way to Rainey Lake, St. Croix and the Lake of the Woods, and even today I saw several canoe loads of Chippewa Indians passing up this route on the way to their blueberry picking. It is almost a daily occurrence to see an Indian family with their inevitable dog, paddling by in a birch-bark canoe.

Last evening I went out to this favorite nook after the evening meal, taking a book in which I was deeply interested, and which I wanted to finish. I watched the sunset coloring deepen with the setting sun, and the afterglow linger with unusual duration. The pageantry of the sun's going soon passed away and I had fully an hour in which there would be sufficient reading light. Seated there in the rapture of a faultless out-of-door setting, I tried to read my book. I had read only a few sentences when the call of the loon, one of the weirdest and most doleful sounds in the whole realm of nature came across the lake. This lonely cry was a serious though not unwelcome interruption. Its immediate effect was to carry my thoughts away from the printed page to other times and places, where as a boy I used to hear the same plaintive wail along the shores of Loon Lake in the Michigan of my childhood.

Memories stirred and I was thinking of other scenes far back in the long ago; and then one of our island phoebes lit upon a branch in the pine tree just a few feet away and began its monotonous but welcome call. We have four nests of phoebes on the island. Just now a mother phoebe is nesting in the nest she built of moss and clay under the eaves of my study porch. This will be her second family this year. She doesn't seem to care about my coming and going and is apparently oblivious to the opening and closing of my study door. Birds soon learn where they are welcome. We permit no shooting on the island and try in every way to make our feathered friends feel they are not intruders.

We have nesting on the island this year robins, phoebes, virios, Blackburnian warblers, wrens, song sparrows, pine-finches, purple grackles, flickers, blackthroated green warblers and cedar waxwings. There are many other

species which we have seen on the island, but we are not sure if they have their homes with us. While the phoebe was chatting with me from the pine bough, a mallard duck with her numerous family paddled by. Shortly after the duck family had swum into the bay and out of sight, I saw a merganser duck with eighteen little ones. What book could hold one's interest amid all these beautiful distractions? There may be those who can read out of doors, but it is an absolute impossibility for me.

I can hear someone say that I might be able to read satisfactorily out-of-doors if I chose light reading. Well, light reading is light reading out-of-doors or indoors and is a waste of life's most valuable thing—time. Of course much depends on the individual reader. I asked Fritz Kreisler once when I met him on a Pullman about a book I saw him reading. He replied: "Oh, it's just some light reading which I am doing for relaxation." The book was a copy of "Horace" in the original latin. There you have an illustration of the comparative nature of the term "light reading." Practically all of my summer reading is done after dark, while for thirty years I have read myself to sleep both winter and summer.

P. B.

What One of Our Boys Thinks About It!

THESE days our minds and hearts need every bit of uplift possible. It is not so easy to step out of a path of peace into a wartime mentality. It is really not strange that many stolid, sluggish-thinking Americans, accustomed only to peace, liberty and the pursuit of happiness—are slow in realizing we are at war with the most tenacious enemy we have ever faced. But I believe most of us do realize it, more and more as time winds on. It does us all good to read a poem such as "High Flight," written and sent to his parents by a bomber pilot before his young life was snuffed out (a really great poem—published in the April "Liberalist"). And letters written by noble souls who count their own life less dear than the cause of liberty.

It is remarkable what philosophers the war is making of our American lads. Quite probably that is true all over the world. Early in June Dr. Bradley received one of the finest letters it has been our privilege to read, written by a boy of twenty-two to his Aunt in Chicago, who generously sent it to Dr. Bradley, knowing he would appreciate it, with the comment, "he is only twenty-two, and I think quite a sensible lad." A letter like this makes us all hold our chins up!

"Dear Aunt Edna:

I received your letter and feel that maybe this war is the medicine this sick world needs. (Even though the medicine is worse than castor oil.)

You see, I have learned to look on this life of ours with perspective. I find that the conditions are terrible, but the people are better—the latter, by far out-weighs the former. When did you ever see the spirit of unity and willingness to help, that you see today? It's the first time I've seen Christians practicing what they preach—isn't it a shame that it takes horrible war to make them kind?

This is more than a war for economic and political gains; this is the war between right and wrong—whether the philosophy of Christ guides us or the philosophy of the old German school

rules us. If Germany wins we will go through an era that will equal the "Dark Ages," and if "we" can turn the tide, we will open the doors of freedom to all mankind, and will pass through a period of Renaissance, the like of which has never been seen.

"You refer to this service I am doing as a task—well, I admit it's no fun, but I've come to look on it as a sacred duty and great privilege—the honor of being able to serve this wonderful land that has given me so much. I have developed a Patrick Henry, Nathan Hale spirit—'Give me liberty or give me death,' and 'My only regret is that I have but one life to give for my country.'

"A lot of water has gone under the bridge since—well, since then; I've been engaged—drafted—trained—unengaged (she couldn't wait but I would have waited all eternity). And now—I'm out on an island. Seems as though I've been tossed about in a storm on the sea of life—I've been shipwrecked and cast on an island—"Fisherman's Island"—(Ha-Ha) But my painting and reading keeps me from stagnating, and then there's the wonderful escape that writing and receiving letters gives. But most of all, "Adversity's sweet milk,—philosophy—" is the thing that comforts me.

"I have only been home once in the entire ten months of service and that was only for a day. I can't get a leave because we are considered in the 'Theatre of war'; — we have sighted Axis submarines several times and the navy sank one just thirty miles from us—the Nazi sailors were washed up on the shore of Norfolk, just across the bay. So you see it's not all propaganda. This is the real thing and it's either we fight for freedom or bow to brutality.

"Well, Aunt Edna, that's about all the news from here, so until you write again, I remain

Your nephew,

"Bobs"
G. T. B.

Dr. Bradley's Vacation Addresses

A Peculiar and Solemn Fourth

DR. BRADLEY'S vacations can never, it would seem, be entirely free from addresses; and so, after church closed for the summer on June 14, there was the commencement address at Dayton, Ohio, for Miami College requiring his return from the North Woods for that purpose.

Then there was the address for the Ely-Tower Rotary Club's Annual Banquet at Birch Point Inn, on Lake Vermilion, July 1.

Sunday, July 12, Dr. Bradley addressed the Annual Picnic of the Finnish Unitarians at Cook, Minnesota.

At the Annual Fourth of July Celebration at Tower it has become a tradition that Dr. Bradley shall give the principal address of the day.

"A peculiar and solemn Fourth" was the way Rev. Bull described it in his invocation, and that is what it was. Yet it was something more than that to me. It was a very new experience, for though I had seen Fourth of July celebrations in small Illinois towns, the City of Tower on this day seemed to me to be imbued with the pioneer spirit rather than to smack of a "small town" atmosphere.

I had now been visiting at Black Duck Island in Lake Vermilion for a

week, and "Oh, this is Heaven," is what I had said when I first arrived on the Island and looked out from the comfortable and spacious living room over the waters of the glittering lake and to the little islands dotting it. The little brown wood plate fastened to the front of the house read simply "Arden." We had arrived on Saturday evening, left Jim's car in the woods at the dock on the mainland and were greeted by "Skipper" (the unusual fox terrier with 'legs too short and head too large' as a passerby in town once told Dr. Bradley). Not a nose behind had been Dr. Bradley, his genial, friendly face smiling a hearty welcome—then, bobbing out of the woods somewhere to left of us were "the boys."

There was the bustle of baggage from auto to dock and from dock to "The Arden," the 30-foot cabin cruiser. From that moment my eyes were glued to the little pine-wooded island straight out in front of us, and to the dock from which the lusty barks of "Dotty" and "Gah Gah" were floating over the air-waves to add their welcome. That was the *first* time I said "Oh, this is Heaven." but it wasn't the last.

Why was it Heaven? Oh, there was the Northern Minnesota air to begin with, which immediately lifts one so far above the ordinary Chicago stratosphere as to convince one she is in a different world. Then there was the wide expanse of water (Lake Vermilion is 52 miles long, with bays and inlets and islands of all sizes and shapes dotting its blue expanse), with beautiful shore lines of pine and birch intermingled; only now and then was there a building of any kind to be seen—just water, woods and sky, with inland gulls flying, and bird notes from the throats of many varieties of "feathered voices"—and, most restful of all, no clash, clang and clatter of city streets. There was just "welcome," Lake Vermilion, a cruiser (The Arden), a distant dock—Heaven! in June, July or any old month.

After a week of this Heaven, I was about to meet the people of Tower, a little "city" on the mainland about 22 miles from "Arden." It was a glorious morning, the Fourth, and pleasantly cool. A stiff breeze blew across the "Arden's" bow as five of us stepped aboard, with "Captain" Dr. Bradley at the pilot's wheel. Docking at the mainland, we inspected the deer lick and saw newly made hoofprints near by. Up the dear little lane, with its graceful curve, its quiet, piney stillness, secluded, sweet and shy of the outside world as the woodland deer we longed to see. When coming down to the dock, the entrance to the little lane is marked by a large white "B" on a small boulder, just off the main road. As we passed the "B" marking, going out, we entered Bradley Road (County Road No. 77 which has been named for "the Captain of The Arden" and master of Arden itself) and within a precious moment someone whispered—"There's a deer." A sharp intake of breath all around and five necks craned. After leaping into the underbrush for about twenty yards, she stopped, left side fully exposed to our view, and head turned toward us, apparently without fear, but with her large soft brown eyes full of curiosity, staring wonderingly at us, while our five pairs of eager eyes looked their full.

But this was the Fourth of July and probably the parade was already under way in Tower. Who would be in the parade? Tower is in the heart of a mining district, with the Soudan Mines nearby supplying the greatest percentage of pure iron ore of any mine in the world, and the miners couldn't stop work on this "peculiar" Fourth. The miners were celebrating their forefathers' struggle for freedom by work-

ng full speed ahead in the mines, for hat was their part in the present batle for the freedom of the whole world. I wondered—Has America been the proving ground for that seed of freedom which our forefathers brought with them and planted here, and has it now been proven so worthy that the whole world may plant it? Have we been the proving ground for this stupendous achievement? Oh! Let it be so, dear God!

I hadn't wanted to see "people" so soon—just a week of vacation—but the Fourth wouldn't be the Fourth at Tower without Dr. Preston Bradley as the speaker,—and I immediately loved these people of Tower. First of all, the children:—the tin man, a miniature of "Ma" and "Pa" in an old buggy, the "Mothers" with their doll buggies and the tots on bicycles—they were dear and sweet, clear-eyed, pure complexioned, fair-haired — many with braids—imagine! No sophisticates here—just good old hardy Scandinavian and Finnish stock. Father in the mine, mother for an audience (with of course, a few merchant fathers here and there), and the "little tots" carrying on in the parade.

We saw the prizes awarded the little folks, then went into the very beautiful auditorium of the Tower High School, which was already well filled, in spite of the miners' absence. There was no lack of interest here, no light banter, but a serious, interested throng of pioneer spirited citizens, concerned for their country's weal and the cause of freedom.

The Soudan-Tower Band was worth going miles to hear; the youngest member was about seven, the oldest probably 15—boys and girls together—in their white suits with gold braid, and their musical instruments gleaming in the sunlight. Under the inspiring leadership of Mr. Minelli, they set the spirit for the day and made one glad to be there.

After the invocation by Rev. Bull, Mr. K. C. Satterfield, Principal of the school, whose guests we were before the program started, introduced Dr. Bradley.

A warning note was sounded by Dr. Bradley for the protection of the mines, and a plea for the alertness of every member of the community, for which many thoughtful citizens thanked him afterwards, for even in a community which can boast the pioneer spirit there are those who "sleep" though their eyes be open.

The City of Tower was host to Dr. Bradley and his guests at dinner, after which the entire community strolled over to the school campus and athletic field, where Dr. Bradley was to be one of the judges of the Tug-of-War and other contests.

The Indian powwow which followed brought forth my camera and I longed for a kodachrome film. (And once again, at the moment I write these words do I long for a kodachrome, as I have just been called to peek at four little yellow warblers in a tiny nest which rests no more than two feet from the ground in a lilac bush near the kitchen window.) Of course it is a long way from the Indians of 1776 to those of today on a Minnesota reservation, yet as the four in the center sat on the ground and beat the war-drum, and the circle formed and the feet began to beat the ground until the turf was loosened and flowed in waves beneath the beating feet, my imagination leaped back to the days when that sound I was now enjoying brought fear and terror to many a pioneer mother's heart.

It was a colorful, thrilling Fourth of July at Tower, Minnesota—a peculiar and solemn Fourth, and so it must have been, all over the country. E.S.

Church Activities

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE.....11:00 o'clock
Radio address by transcription from WJJD
(Sunday morning services resumed in church Sept. 20th)

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (November to Easter).....7:30 o'clock

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.....
9:30 o'clock—Channing Hall
(Services resumed Sept. 20th)

JUNIOR CHURCH.....11:00 o'clock—Hall C
(Services resumed September 20th)

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURE.....
.....(November through March) 8:00 o'clock—Church Auditorium

TOWN HALL CLUB (to be resumed in Fall).....Channing Hall

CHOIR REHEARSALS.....Church Auditorium
(Resumed September 17th)

RED CROSS UNIT..Every Thursday in Channing Hall 9:30-4:00 o'clock.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH GUILD.....
.....4872 Sheridan Road—Open daily 9:00 to 5:00, except Sunday
(November through April) (Saturday closes at noon)

WOMAN'S CLUB.....Meets every second Monday, October through April
Notice of all summer events will be mailed members.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB
Meets every second and fourth Monday, October through April.
Notice of summer events will be mailed members or 'phone Miss Grace Marsh, Lon. 1256.

MEN'S CLUB.....Channing Hall—8:00 p.m.
Meets every fourth Monday, October through May

USHERS' CLUB.....Meets every second Thursday, October through June

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUB—Meets every First and Third Tuesday, October through June
Notice of summer events will be mailed members

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director. Drama Teas—First Sunday of the month, October through May, in Channing Hall, at 4:00 p.m. Plays discontinued until the Fall Season.
Plays: Five plays to be given 1942-43 Season at the Civic Theater, Wacker Drive and Washington Blvd. Subscriptions now available for Fall Season—$4; $3; $2.50.
Studio—410 South Michigan Ave.,—Webster 2123

JUNIOR THEATER OF UPTOWN PLAYERS....Lenore Brown, Director
.....Plays announced from time to time

DIRECTORY

THE PEOPLES CHURCH, Lawrence Ave., at Sheridan Rd.

Time of Service 11:00 A.M.

Affiliated with: American Unitarian Association, Boston; Western Unitarian Conference, Chicago

PASTOR

Preston Bradley, LL.D., D.D.

Student Assistant

V. K. Bose, Meadville School—Dor. 0104

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS

Walter H. Hermsdorf, President
2130 Lincoln Park West — Lin. 6018

Mrs. J. J. Reynolds, Vice President
5550 Kenmore Ave. — Longbeach 9160

Thos. A. Harrison, Sec'y-Treasurer
941 Lawrence Ave. — Longbeach 6878

May H. Harrison, Secretary
941 Lawrence Ave. — Longbeach 6878

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

C. K. Anderson	H. B. Hunter
C. W. Denicke	Mrs. J. J. Reynolds
Thos. A. Harrison	E. L. Roubinek, Jr.
Walter H. Hermsdorf	William M. Stickney

COMMITTEE—Finance Committee

Mr. Thos. A. Harrison, Chairman
Mr. C. K. Anderson
Mr. E. L. Roubinek, Jr.

Church Service Committee

Mr. E. L. Roubinek, Jr., Chairman
All members of the Board assisting
Mrs. E. L. Roubinek, Jr., Floral Chairman

Auditing Committee

Mr. W. M. Stickney, Chairman
Mr. H. B. Hunter

Social Committee

Mrs. J. J. Reynolds, Chairman

Mrs. R. R. Flesher	Rudolph J. Olson
Mrs. Roy H. Monson	C. E. Appelquist
Mrs. A. S. Kredler	H. W. Vickerson

Membership Committee

H. B. Hunter, Chrm.	Mrs. Mary Thurlow
Max Treichel	Jack E. Kolinen
Mrs. L. Whitman	E. Kokoefer
Miss D. Thompson	R. R. Flesher

Contributions and Pledges Committee

Mr. Walter H. Hermsdorf, Chairman
Mrs. May H. Harrison
Mrs. H. B. Hunter
Mrs. E. L. Roubinek, Jr.

Literature Table — Mrs. Frank Bryan

MUSICAL DIRECTORY

Emerson Abernethy, Choir Director
4848 Sheridan Road — Longbeach 0132

Philip Jorgensen, Organist

SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

C. W. Denicke, Superintendent
936 Margate Terrace — Longbeach 4328

Mrs. Thos. A. Harrison, Treasurer
941 Lawrence Ave. — Longbeach 6878

Marilyn Johnson, Secretary
4713 Winthrop Ave. — Sunnyside 3941

USHERS' CLUB

William Emrich, President
949 Lawrence Ave. — Ard. 0983

Max Treichel, Vice-President
1700 N. Francisco Ave. — Arm. 2751

W. M. Cooke, Treasurer
4423 Sheridan Rd. — Lon. 0800

Lorents Breining, Sergeant-at-Arms
5431 Drummond Pl. — Nat. 0349

John F. Langhoff, Secretary
2832 Eastwood Ave. — Jun. 3944

WOMAN'S CLUB

Mrs. Preston Bradley, Honorary President
941 Lawrence Ave. — Lon. 6878

Mrs. Fred C. Whitman, President
4546 Sheridan Road — Sun. 4893

Mrs. Walter A. Stehle, Vice-President
6957 N. Keating Ave. — Lincolnwood, Ill.

Mrs. Mark A. Miles, Rec. Secretary
919 W. Carmen Ave. — Sun. 7898

Mrs. R. F. Bacon, Corr. Secretary
4608 Hazel Ave. — Edg. 1735

Mrs. George H. Staub, Treasurer
2400 N. Kilbourn Ave. — Alb. 6502

Directors

Mrs. Frank Bryan, Miss Ethel Fowler, Mrs. Wyllys W. Hagen, Mrs. Edward Nolte and Mrs. John Wohlfarth.

THE PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

Miss Dorthea Thompson, President
5650 N. Maplewood Ave. — Sun. 5723

Miss Dorothy Young, Vice-President
1717 Chicago Ave., Evanston — Gre. 6168

Mrs. Jane Jones, Rec. Secretary
1261 Argyle St.

Miss Grace G. Marsh, Corr. Secretary
4554 Broadway — Longbeach 1256

Miss Ruth Kruskopf, Treasurer
6609 Campbell Ave. — Bri. 9035

MEN'S CLUB

Mr. Harry H. Perry, President
600 Barton Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Mr. Frank Bryan, Vice-President
4252 N. Francisco Ave.

Mr. Wm. Emrich, Secretary
949 Lawrence Ave.

Mr. John F. Langhoff, Treasurer
2832 Eastwood Ave.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director
410 S. Michigan Ave. — Webster 2123

W. B. Haslet, Business Manager
410 S. Michigan Ave. — Webster 2123

Mary Thurlow, Secretary-Treasurer
1447 N. Dearborn St. — Superior 1570

THE YOUNG PEOPLES CLUB

James R. Kosner, President
1632 S. Ridgeland Ave., Berwyn, Illinois
Phone—Berwyn 6475

Margie Hathaway, Secretary
822 Eastwood Avenue — Ravenswood 2389.

JUNIOR CHURCH

V. K. Bose, Director

Books By
Dr. Preston Bradley

"Courage For Today"
—BOBBS-MERRILL—$1.00

"Mastering Fear"
—BOBBS-MERRILL—$1.00

"Power From Right Thinking"
—BOBBS-MERRILL—$1.50

"Life and You"
—HARPERS—$1.50

"New Wealth For You"
—STOKES—$1.50

"Meditations"
—PULPIT PRAYERS—$1.00

At All Booksellers Everywhere

"COURAGE FOR TODAY" AND "MASTERING FEAR"
ARE BLUE RIBBON BOOKS—ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Books For These Days